

THE

Craftsman's Apology.

Being a

VINDICATION

OF HIS

Conduct and Writings:

In Several

LETTERS to the KING.

*Some by their Friends, more by themselves, thought Wise,
Oppos'd the Power to which they could not rise.
Some had in Courts been Great; and thrown from thence,
Like Fiends were harden'd in Impenitence.
Some by their Monarch's fatal Mercy grown,
From pardon'd Rebels, Kinsmen to the Throne,
Were rais'd in Power, and publick Office high;
Strong Bands — if Bands ungrateful Men could tie.
Of these the False Achitophel was first,
A Name to all succeeding Ages curst.
For close Designs, and crooked Counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of Wit;
Restless, unfix'd, in Principles and Place,
In Power unpleas'd, impatient of Disgrace;
A daring Pilot in Extremity,
Pleas'd with the Danger, when the Waves went high:
He sought the Storm, but for a Calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the Sands, to boast his Wit.*

DRYDEN.

L O N D O N :

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LETTER I.

GREAT SIR, if your Highness is pleas'd to peruse
 What I send to instruct you, and not to amuse :
 For your Trouble the Letter will make you Amends,
 As it points out your (1) Foes, and discovers your Friends :
 'Twill enlighten your Judgment, and open your Eyes,
 And make you in love with some Folks you despise ;
 'Twill teach you both *Austria* and *Spain* to defy,
 And think none so upright as P——, and I.

With your Foes tho' each Week in our Journal we fight,
 You are seldom so courteous—to take us aright ;
 To believe us sincere ; tho' our Paper imparts
 Each *Friday* the Goodness and Love of our Hearts.
 In Print often twitted, our Sheet to disgrace,
 That I once lost a Peerage,—my Brother—a Place ;
 Employing our Cunning, our Wits, and our Pen,
 The Posts we once held to recover agen ;
 Suggesting unkindly, to give us more Pain,
 That our Quarrel with *W—l—le* is only a Feign.
 Had he still been our Friend, that he ne'er had been base,
 That he still would be good, had the Traitor his Place ;
 Not a Word of the Army, the Pensions, or Press,
 The Treaty of *Seville*, or Succours of *Hesse*,
 Of Blunders or Taxes, the Nation would hear
 In a Term ; nor perhaps, if you pleas'd us, a Year.

(1) Final Answer, p. 1, 2.

Tho' our Counsels are wholesome, and Stratagems keen;
 What's really Good-nature, you fancy is Spleen;
 As if, your weak Conduct in Hopes to amend,
 A Man could not laugh, and yet still be your Friend:
 Nor a very good Subject your Schemes disapprove,
 You imagine full wise—out of Duty and Love;
 With the Tricks of your Statesmen our Readers amuse;
 And your Conduct, in Love to your Person, accuse.

E'er you think me uncivil or false, by the Way,
 I beg you wou'd hear what a Friend has to say;
 To depend on your Ministry Hirelings, too wise,
 Who, to make you see clearer, have darken'd your Eyes;
 By the Clouds which they scatter, forbidden to see
 What is wrote for your Honour, by Fegg, and by me;
 What Pains, with Quotations from *Latin* and *Greek*,
 We take, tho' in vain, to oblige you each Week;
 For your Safety concern'd, in each Sheet who foretel
 The Madness of Kings against Mobs who rebel;
 By how many bold Acts they may forfeit their Throne;
 As some of us fancy'd your Highness had done,

I am conscious, Great Sir, not permitted to know
 My Zeal for your Fame, that you count me your (2) Foe;
 And think that I act for no very good Ends
 If I like not your Projects, or censure your Friends.
 Tho' God knows my Heart, when your Schemes I assail,
 'Tis out of meer Goodness and Love that I rail;
 Now and then, perhaps, mention some Slips in my Letter,
 And why?—That your Subjects might like you the better:
 I strike at your Wisdom, your Fame to encrease;
 And Jealousies raise, to secure you in Peace:
 Without very good Hopes of augmenting your Praise,
 Not a Satire defames, or a Journal inveighs;
 Each Day that I serv'd you, unless I can think,
 I am mad with myself, with my Paper and Ink;
 The Night to my Conscience with Horror does bring
 The Shame, but one Day, of forgetting my King;
 For the Exile they sav'd, tho' they ruin'd the Peer,
 Each Branch of your House, and your Family dear.

(2) Ibid. p. 5.

(3) 'Tis

(3) 'Tis true, common Rumour my Conduct defames;
 And says, I left *England* to visit *King James*;
 To solicit himself and his Army to fight;
 And to put him in mind of his Wrongs, and his Right;
 That (4) Treason and Guilt had oblig'd me to fly;
 —Tho' you boast not a Subject more faithful than I,
 A Notion so weak can your Council advance,
 That all must be wicked who travel to *France*?
 When Fifty each Week for their Pastime go over,
 For *Calais* ship'd off every Packet from *Dover*;
 To furnish their Spouses with Cambrick and Pins,
 And to bring back a List of new Fashions, and Sins:
 (5) What think you of *Orm—nd* and *Wb—rt—n*, beside
Metellus and *Ludlow*, and *Churchill* and *Hide*;
 With me who deserted their Country, in dread
 Of a petulant Faction that aim'd at their Head?
 To invite some Abroad a mere Humour prevails,
 The Waters of *Spaw*, or the Air of *Marseilles*;
 At the *Louvre* to sup, or at *Marli* to dine,
 Or to taste the rich Juice of the *Burgundy* Vine;
 For the Voyage some fancy it Reason enough
 To learn the nice Air of a Pocket or Cuff;
 Will spend you whole Summers with Pleasure to know,
 If their Sleeves should be high, or their Heels shou'd be low;
 In Raptures to think they shall ruin the Fair,
 With a Cock of their Beaver, or curl of their Hair;
 While some in *March* Month for the Frolick shall burn,
 For no other Cause—but in *May* to return.

Suppose, for at present all Wars I decline,
 I had wanted some Pictures, or Trouffles, or Wine;
 Well pleas'd in the Fashion for once to be seen,
 Had wish'd for a Carper, a Jar, or a Screen;
 And, frugal before, bought, once in my Life,
 Some Velvets, perhaps a good Lace, for my Wife;
 Of *Mecklin* or *Brussels* had fancy'd some Ells,
 Or a Cask of good Oil, or a Quart of Morells;
 Good God! must a Man break his Faith and his Vows,
 Who just steps to *Paris* to humour his Spouse,

(3) Ibid. p. 8. (4) Ibid. (5) Ibid. p. 9.

For

For his Children at School a few Toys to provide;
 An Edging, a Tucker—and nothing beside?
 Can you fancy or feign, if no more was amiss,
 In my Conduct, a Crime, or High-Treason (6) in this?
 When the Prince of your Senate, and May'r of your Town,
 Without Blame from his Sov'reign, or Leave from the Crown,
 Whips over to *France* in the Turn of an Eye,
 Each Month, in his Pinnacle, and no one asks why;
 His Hunters to shew, and his Manners to mend,
 And play at Back Gammon with *Bourbon* his Friend.
 Each Day in the Chappel, each Night at the Ball,
 And *Numps*, still your Friend, is ne'er censur'd at all.
 Your Court all in Raptures to hear the Sage brag
 How oft he came in at the Death of the Stag:
 O'er the King's swiftest Racers how oft he prevail'd,
 And the Leaps that he took, and the Rocks that he scal'd.
 Tho' Fame had suggested he brought to your Foe
 Expresses, and Packets——some Guineas——or so;
 When all that in Truth the good Man went about,
 Was to fuddle the Court with his *Stale* and his *Stout*;
 Against he came over his Claim to renew,
 Or perhaps to instruct the Pretender——to brew;
 While the *Louvre* the Fame of your Subject does ring,
 A Match at *Picquet* for the *Gallican* King.

Whate'er you may think, Sir, 'twas none of my (7) Guilt,
 No Prince I betray'd, and no Blood that I spilt,
 That unwillingly forc'd me from Home, I assure ye;
 But the Spleen of my Foes, and the Dread of a Jury.
 Would you calmly reflect, you must know that each Man
 Who voted that Thing call'd, The Peace of *Queen Anne*,
 Tho' as upright and just as *Oldcastle* and *Trot*,
 Without Justice or Trial had all gone to pot.
 At *Utrecht*, all we who had been Cater-cozens
 Had felt the same Fate, and been pinnion'd by Dozens;
 The only poor Option then left in our Power,
 In *Newgate* a Cell——or a Room in the Tower;
 From our very good Friends having little to hope,
 But the Choice to expire by an Axe or a Rope.
 How diff'rent the Fortune each Mortal survey'd
 Of us who shipt off, and poor *Prior* who stay'd?

(6) Ibid. p. 8. (7) Ibid.

In each Paper and Pamphlet the Story is fresh,
 What *Matthew* endur'd both in Spirit and Flesh;
 While the Wrath of his Foes, and the Rage of the Times,
 Quite injur'd his Health, and half ruin'd his Rhimes;
 And nothing around him his Muse could provoke;
 Too gloomy the Cell where he slept for a Joke.

Can you censure me then, from such Dangers who fled,
 And secur'd you a Friend, while I 'scap'd with my Head?
 From the Rage of a Faction preserv'd, by my Flight,
 To keep your Court honest, and Counsellors right;
 In my Essays each Week not a Paragraph seen,
 But is meant for the Honour of you, or your Queen.

Tho' you've struck Mr. P——, Sir, out of your List,
 Whate'er has been told you, he'll dearly be mist;
 In a Session or two you'll call for your Pen,
 And in love to your self must insert him agen;
 Not one of your Sages in Council so able,
 From the Top to the very Fag-End of the Table;
 A Blunder to heal, or a Flaw to descry,
 So fine are his Parts, and so piercing his Eye.
 In the House when you're striving to forward a Bill,
 Perhaps you may want, Sir, your honest Friend *Will*:
 Not a Creature so proper, whene'er he is heard,
 To quicken a Motion; to push, or retard;
 A Bill that he likes not, to hack and disjoint,
 And draw, by his Skill, half the House from the Point:
 Who, with *Sh——n* and two or three more, can with Ease
 Promote or embarrass your Schemes, as they please;
 By the Help of their Wir, and the Oil of their Tongue,
 Make Justice unjust, and make Equity wrong;
 A capital Crime the Discharge of your Trust,
 And to pay for your (8) Beef and your Mutton, unjust;
 Who, against Peace and Fighting, by Turns can protest,
 And by Dint of pure Argu ment——prove 'em both best;
 A War, the fine Sense of the Speakers to shew,
 Good or bad; as they like not, or value, the Foe.

(8) See the Remarks on the *Craftsman's* Vindication; and Mr. P——'s Behaviour to the King, on the Civil List Bill.

Had you, Sir, in each Session this Sage on your Side;
 Of your Foes he'd soon baffle the Pranks and the Pride;
 To a Sense of your Duty the Faction soon brought;
 And no Law that you wanted, had cost you a Groat;
 Your Fleet then might sail, and your Armies might fight;
 And *Carlos*, whatever he ask'd, had been right.
 Or suppose you no Fav'rite of *Philip's* nice Scheme,
 He'd have argu'd as strongly in t'other Extreme;
 Himself, the weak Projects of *Spain* to have spoil'd;
 Would have got the good Dutchels of *Parma* with Child;
 A Midwife sent over, such Services done,
 To swear, she deliver'd her Grace of a Son.

Tho' he now has forbid you one (9) Soldier to lift;
 When he serv'd you, a Million a Year was scarce mist;
 And nought by his King was imprudently spent,
 Tho' he gave him whole (10) Streets for th'Increase of his Rent.
 Could you please him, he'd Treasure supply for the War,
 Tho' you fought at one Time with the *Pole* and the *Czar*;
 Find you Money enough, by his Skill, for the Work,
 Tho' you battled the *Sophy*, or challeng'd the *Turk*;
 And in Duty promote the Designs of his Liege,
 Should he *Pequin* attempt, or *Grand Cairo* besiege.
 If you ask'd for a Million, unjustly, or not,
 Had this Patriot been yours, Sir, the Whole had been got;
 And while for his King and lov'd Country he stood,
 Tho' the Sum was unrighteous—the Vore had been good.
 Who has prov'd (the smart Journal lies now on my Shelf)
 All Pensions ungodly—not paid to himself:
 The Sin not in giving, but giving to those
 He knew from his Heart were your Majesty's Foes;
 The true Point about Pensions intirely forgot,
 Right or Wrong—just as People enjoy'd 'em, or not.
 Design'd, if we gain 'em, good Patriots to bless;
 But the Bane of a Realm—if we cannot possess.

(9) *Craftsman*, on the *Irish* Recruits.

(10) See the *Free-Briton*. — And Remarks on the *Craftsman's* Vindication.

L E T T E R II.

S I R,

ONCE more I presume your high Throne to address;
 Some Frailties to own, and some Sins to confess;
 Since in Peace and in Comfort I never shall live,
 Till you pity my Case, and are pleas'd to forgive:
 And your Subject's Petition you could not deny,
 Were you half so obliging and tender as I.

Now supposing the worst, that to *France* I went o'er,
 A good Subject to save, as I hinted before,
 And, vext with my Foes, to recover my Right,
 I had join'd my young Master; and purpos'd to fight,
 In hopes to regain what I thought was my Due,
 In my Anger had kill'd you a Fav'rite or two.
 (1) In *Hobbs* and in *Carter* it plainly is seen
 That a Man at the best is a very Machine;
 That within him no Freedom of Action he feels,
 But moves just like Watches, with Springs and with Wheels.
 Where Ambition and Hatred, and Love and Disdain,
 Are the Bell and the Hammer, the Key and the Chain;
 Friends, Foes, all around him, his Passions wound high,
 Who, like that, falls a striking—he does not know why.

(1) Final Answer, p. 10, 11. passim.

Whate'er you may fancy, or others infill;
 We cannot be virt'ous or good when we will:
 Our Int'rest is oft to our Honour a Foe,
 And when one cries out, Yes,—straight the other says, No:
 Tho' seeming good Friends, and so nearly ally'd,
 They oft quarrel, and seldom will vote on one Side.
 When we number what Failings to Mortals belong,
 Our Reason how weak, and our Passions how strong;
 Reflect on the Biais that hangs on the Side,
 Howe'er we oppose them, of Malice and Pride;
 In a Scheme not so fair, now and then to be caught,
 Is what I call a Frailty, and you think a Fault.
 For sure no Excuse the Misfortune does need,
 When we strive to be righteous, and cannot succeed;
 If the Crime we detest, and yet feel in our Soul
 A Fondness for Mischief we cannot controul,
 In vain or by Conscience or Virtue withstood,
 The Action unjust, yet the Principle good;
 Which argues, and reasons, and threatens in vain;
 The Machine from the Malice it means to restrain.

When we use our Endeavours the best that we can,
 If we err, 'tis the Clock is in Fault, not the Man;
 If this Way and that Way sincerely he tries,
 Yet cannot be upright, or loyal, or wise,
 When you look on the Passions which reign in his Breast,
 You should pity his Weakness—and pardon the rest.

It was Cruelty then to accuse me, or blame,
 For the Breach of my Faith, and the Stain of my Fame;
 Since no Mortal had once the great Gift in his Pow'r,
 To be true to his Word, or sincere for an Hour.
 When Revenge or Ambition the Uproar begins,
 Tho' the Courtier forswears—'tis the Clockwork that sins;
 And Sages have taught us no Soul can do Ill,
 When our Reason is check'd and subdu'd by our Will;
 When Int'rest or Anger the Judgment arrests,
 And whene'er it gainsays, will deride its Protests;
 Bid Conscience be silent, not daring to break
Their Resolves, when the Passions would govern, or speak.

I pretend not indeed to be free from all Crimes,
 Which a Friend would impute to the Fault of the Times;
 But Offences and Errors all human——and such
 As a Man might commit——without sinning too much.
 'Tis a Grief to my Heart, and I must not deny,
 Some Pranks that were play'd between *D'Aumond* and I;
 When we laugh'd at your Title, your Fame, and Renown,
 And talk'd of a Friend, you know who, for your Crown.
 But shew me the Man, and your Slave I remain,
 A Courtier at least, without Blemish or Stain;
 A Statesman posses'd of my Wit and my Place,
 That had not an Itching at least——to be base;
 With the Bent of his Nature that did not comply,
 Or withstood a Temptation much better than I;
 Since in all the same Seeds of Corruption prevail,
 And for Five that are honest, a Thousand are frail.

When I thought on my Manors, my Woods, and my Lands;
 My present hard Fortune, and former Commands,
 New Losses each Moment convey'd to my Ear,
 Of my Lawns and my Fishponds, my Carp and my Deer;
 All vanish'd away, without Trial, or Reason,
 For a petty gay Frolick——your Senate call'd Treason;
 My Duty and Faith by my Passions were quell'd,
 And the Subject still loyal, the Exile rebell'd:
 All these with Good-humour and Smiles to resign,
 Demanded a Virtue much stronger than mine;
 In the Height of my Sufferings, which would not gainsay;
 When I purpos'd no longer your Sire to obey.
 'Twas strange, to compleat ev'ry Woe of my Life,
 With the Husband you had not attainted the Wife,
 And giv'n your Attorney Commission to seize
 Her Jewels and Rings, and what else he should please;
 Pretending, perhaps, whether guilty or not,
 That my Spouse was as deep as myself in the Plot.
 Ah! if Rebels are reck'ned a Nation's last Curse,
 Sure the Wretches who make 'em rebel—are much worse;
 And Folks to be pitied, when forc'd to be ill
 And wicked—so much against Duty and Will.

'Tis right in some Cases when Men do amiss,
 If corrected the (2) *Rod* and the *Fasces* to kiss;
 By their Judge when condemn'd, not to answer a Word,
 But to say after Sentence—God blefs you my Lord:
 Yet this Rod of the Law we should never regard,
 When for little Offences it scourges too hard;
 When it lashes too deep in the Flesh thro' the Skin,
 And the Wound that it makes is too large for the Sin:
 When a Life, for a Fancy, or Frolick atones;
 And the Cut that it gives, goes as deep as the Bones;
 Which beyond the Offences Revenge would pursue,
 And aims at a Neck when a Finger would do.

You remember the Time when a Knot of bold Sparks,
 From *Waltham* and *Farnham*, molested your Parks;
 When your Keepers of *Endfield* and *Windsor* were able
 Scarce to furnish your Court, or find Deer for your Table:
 To redrels what you suffer'd, you straight got a Law,
 With a Gibbet and Halter the Sportsmen to awe;
 For your Senate well knew that the Want would soon waste ye,
 Should a King of *Great Britain* long dine without Paltie.
 The terrible Statute soon broke all the Gang,
 When they knew that to touch but a Fawn, was to hang:
 Thus your Lawns were soon stock'd, and your Grievance was eas'd,
 And your Chaplains eat Ven'son as long as they pleas'd;
 Your Bucks were all safe, and your Does went to rut,
 And your Yeomen would often come in for a Cut;
 Tho' the Haunch and the Side by some Garter were got,
 The Shoulder came oft to the Beef-eaters Lot.

Wou'd you, Sir, your high Grandeur a little debase,
 To think on poor *Hall*, and reflect on his Case;
 (For which his sad Heart ev'ry Sorrow endures,
 His Case in each Tittle exactly like your's,)
 Your Resentments would cool, and your Pity would rise;
 And you'd honour the Person whom now you despise.
 You have Senates and Courts, when with Foes you are vext,
 And your Bill read to Day, is a Statute the next;

Who for every perverse and unlucky Design,
 For your Ease can imprison, and banish, or fine,
 Not a Widgeon or Duck from your Fishponds convey'd
 By a Boy of *Eliza's*,—but *Freind* is employ'd:
 Shall a King then have Passions; and Subjects, undone
 By a Foe, or the Wiles of a Faction, have none?
 We bear all Offences — you sure of an Act
 To punish the Crime, if you prove but the Fact?
 Must I bear with a Smile, what I suffer; less struck
 With the Loss of a Peerage, than you of a Buck?
 Seem pleas'd with my Losses, and candidly shew
 Less Concern for a Manor, than you for a Doe?
 I patient, while you ev'ry Session can mark
 Each Pannel of Pales, that is broke in your Park?
 Your Choler strait boils, and disturbs all your Soul,
 When you hear of a Stag or a Hind being stole;
 And the Peace of your Bosom the Villany damps,
 When you hear of a Rogue, who has mimick'd your Stamps:
 Straight man out your Frigates, with Passion o'ercome,
 If, without paying Duty, we smuggle your Rum.
 Yet you tell me in Conscience I ought to be pleas'd,
 When my Woods are cut down, and my Forests are seiz'd;
 Submissive and easy in Sound of the Stroaks
 That shake my dear Beeches, and shatter my Oaks;
 A Sin in a Subject his Loss to deplore,
 Tho' he sees 'em all tumble and sink by the Score.

If Violence took 'em, the Bane of each Reign,
 By Right, the same Violence ought to regain.
 Thus (3) Nature will act her Revenge to display,
 Tho' Conscience may tell her, she takes the wrong Way.
 The last her kind Counsel would often afford;
 But the other cries, *Pish*; — and ne'er minds her a Word.

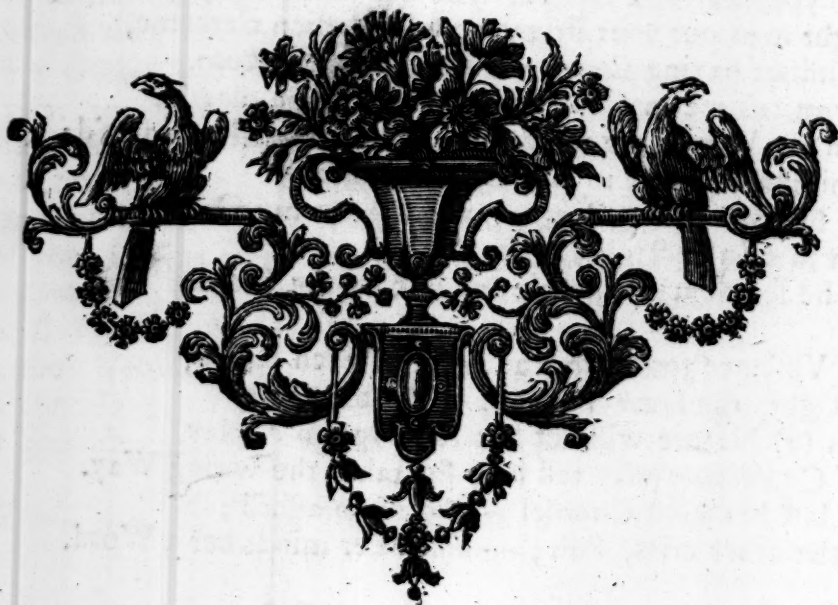
Suppose some nice Eaters, to fill up a Dish,
 Shou'd rob the Canal in the *Park*, of your Fish?
 Cou'd your Majesty bear it with Patience, to loose
 The best of your Pike, or your Perch in the Stews?
 (Tho' a Monarch, the Boldness wou'd give you the Spleen)
 Design'd for your self — or perhaps for the Queen;

(3) P. 11. throughout.

To

To the Damage of *Britain*, whose sorrowful Soul
Might probably long for the Carp which they stole ;
And for want of the Fish, o'erwhelm'd with Despair,
You perhaps lose a Son, and your Kingdom an Heir.

Ah, Sir, cou'd you mix with your other high Cares,
The sorrowful Sense of your Writer's Affairs ;
What Pangs I endure when my Enemies sneer,
That I'm banish'd the House, who so long was a Peer ;
You wou'd say, My *dear Viscount*, I pity your Case,
The Loss of your Honours, your Title, and Place ;
For your Love and past Service I'll make you Amends ;
—You shall vote on the Wool-packs next Spring with your Friends.



L E T T E R III.

S I R,

IF my Third humble Letter, the Thoughts of a Sinner;
 Does not spoil your Diversions, or keep back your Dinner;
 If you break up the Seal, and have Leisure to read,
 In his Wishes your Vassal has Hopes to succeed;
 Tho', if *W—l—le* forbids it, however enclin'd
 To forgive or exalt me, you must not be kind:
 Who, o'ercome by his Wiles and imperious Commands,
 My Peerage kept back, when you gave me my Lands:
 Whose Factors in Verse, and whose Agents in Prose,
 Who reflect on your Friends, and encourage your Foes;
 Mix Malice, and Falshood, and Spleen in their Charge;
 Draw my Virtues too small, and my Frailties too large.
 From a Pencil like theirs if my Picture you take,
 At the Sight of so dreadful a Piece you must quake;
 As the last of your Statesmen, not prizing your first,
 And fatally take your best Friend for your worst.

You've Letters, Rejoynders, and Satyres, and Odes;
 From the Poet's high Mansion, and Critick's Abodes;
 By Courtiers endited, by Parasites drawn,
 Some penn'd by the Crape, and some smooth'd by the Lawn:
 The Parson smart libels, and Prelate reviews,
 Each Week to adorn and embellish the News;
 To prove what a dangerous (1) Subject you keep,
 Not secure while he lives——or awake or asleep;

(1) Final Answer, p. 16.

What

Who cares not a Figg, when for Mischief prepar'd;
 For the Lords of your Council, or Chiefs of your Guard;
 In his Freaks when they seize him, a Bulrush and Pike,
 A Straw and a Javelin, exactly alike;
 Not startled at Horse, or at Foot; who as soon
 Would be scar'd by a Milk-maid, as any Dragoon;
 Who ne'er on the Shew day a Terror did feel,
 Tho' *Dimmock* appear'd in his Cassock of Steel;
 (A Hero to challenge all Foes, in the Right
 When he knew 'twould be Hanging if any should fight)
 On a Sunday who never minds Sermons nor Pray'rs,
 Nor values one Rush what he says, or he swears;
 Who, inspir'd by Ill-nature, and fretted with Spleen,
 Will libel a Monarch, or laugh at a Queen;
 Born your Realms to molest, and your Subjects trapan;
 And a Monster, tho' wearing the Shape of a Man.

But your Pain to remove, and your Fears to assuage,
 Pray reflect on my Years, and consider my Age;
 The Wrinkles that furrow and rumple my Face,
 Too fatal a Sign that I dwindle apace:
 In the Street or the Park, as I mix with the Throng;
 You may view how I totter and doddle along;
 Before my short Journey is half at an End,
 Apparent to all how I bow and I bend:
 My Friends all before, I come puffing behind,
 Depriv'd of the Help both of Legs and of Wind;
 And ne'er should have reach'd to the End of our Lane,
 Without the kind Aid of a Coach and a Cane;
 So fainty and feeble before I draw nigh
 The poor House where I lodge—you would swear I must die.

A Creature so crazy you never can dread,
 In Danger of tumbling each Step that I tread;
 If you pull off my Wig, you will find me quite (2) gray;
 In the Nation's Debates who have little to say;
 The Post Boy and Craftsman perusing by Fits;
 And scarce know the Time when your Parliament sits;
 Just inform'd by the Papers, and News at the Bar,
 Who's chosen for Speaker, and who for Lord May'r;

(2) Ibid. p. 31. *passim*.

What Earl was turn'd out, and what Duke was put in ;
 And the Week when our Terms and our Sessions begin ;
 That the *Spaniards* insult us, and spoil all our Trade ;
 What Felons were hang'd, and what B——ps were made ;
 Having lost all the Names, which I once had by rote,
 Of the Members who once for your Kinsman did vote ;
 Which, I hope, tho' you've seen them in Capitals wrote,
 For the Sake of your Servant, will all be forgot.

In your Councils to govern, and act a fine Part,
 I now want a Head, tho' I might have a Heart.
 A Pooll at *Picquet*, or a Game at *Quadrille*,
 With my Spouse and *Dick Francklin* — the Top of my Skill ;
 Or perhaps in an Eve, when I've little to do,
 I may venture a Shilling with P——y at *Looe* ;
 A Pamphlet perus'd, or a News-Paper read,
 And creep, when my Prayers are finish'd, to Bed.
 This is all my Employment ; just after I dine,
 A Sermon at Three, and my Bible at Nine ;
 (A Game now and then at *Back Gammon* I play)
 And a Prayer for your Majesty closes the Day.

You may credit me, Sir ; I have none of those Arts,
 Which shew'd me, when younger, a Statesman of Parts ;
 (That in ev'ry nice Scheme and Contrivance were seen,
 And made Way for a Subject to govern a Queen.)
 So useful for Courtiers that study to thrive,
 To keep their Renown and their Credit alive ;
 When I vow a Revenge — a kind Look to employ ;
 Or to manage a Smile, that is meant to destroy :
 The Want of what's real, with Shade to supply ;
 Or to mimick a Truth, with a plausible Lye :
 With Professions of Love, a Resentment to fill ;
 Most kind when I injure, most fond when I kill.
 These Gifts are all lost, in my Age's Decline,
 Which long, while I lov'd to be bustling, were mine ;
 And help'd me the Cause of your Foes to espouse ;
 When I lov'd — and yet voted you out of the House ;

With Virtues more humble I now am content,
 Since I purchas'd some Lands, and turn'd Farmer in Kent :

(For to Persons infirm, and now breaking apace,
 What's a Chamberlain's Staff, or a Chancellor's Mace ?)
 Gay Burdens of Life, which weak Shoulders, like mine,
 For the Ease of their Master, would chuse to decline :
 A mere Carcase and Lump, whether up or a Bed,
 And something — between a live Man and a dead.
 More blest, if Retirement a Blessing allows,
 With the Sight of my Dairy, and Smell of my Cows ;
 (You have heard of *Lucullus* and *Scipio*, and more,
 Who were just the same Men, tho' some Ages before ;)
 To mark how my Rennet will turn by Degrees,
 My Milk into Curd, and that Curd into Cheese ;
 Amusements much sweeter to Folks in my Years,
 Than to guide your whole Realm, and be Chief of your Peers.
 When my Capons are cram'd, and my Pullets are fed,
 With what inward Content do I waddle to Bed ?
 In Slumbers transported, to think the next Day,
 That my Pidgeons will hatch, or my Turkeys will lay ;
 That Colly, my Heifer, last *August* a Bride,
 May in *March* have a Daughter or Son by her Side ;
 The Quack of my Ducks more delighted to hear,
 Than the Mob crying out, *Sir, There goes the PRIMER.*

Yet I know, when I talk in this seeming odd Way,
 What your Majesty thinks, and your Courtiers will say :
 These the Thoughts of you both — (3) ' Shall this mighty great Man,
 Who manag'd the State and the Seats for Queen *ANNE* ;
 Who, kind to his Country, as some did suppose,
 Made O——nd a Chief — not to fight with his Foes ;
 Shall he, for four Years at the Top of Affairs,
 Relinquish all Grandeur for Peaches and Pears ?
 Who, while he stood fair in her Majesty's Grace,
 If Fifty were vacant, dispos'd of each Place ?
 Not a Sage in the Council, or Chief in the War,
 Who gain'd, without him, a Commission or Star ;
 (Tho' sometimes, when willing of Cares to be eas'd,
 He gave the Queen Leave to promote as she pleas'd)
 And when he chose a Prelate, was often so kind
 To let her elect a good Dean to her Mind.

' Whate'er his Pretence is, there lurks in his Soul
 ' Still a Passion for Power, and a Lust to controul;
 ' The Titles once his, give his Heart still a Pain;
 ' And the Posts that he lost, he still longs to regain:
 ' Can a Man, without Grief, to the Country be drawn,
 ' Who so lately dispos'd of the Purple and Lawn?
 ' With Pleasure stroll over his Fields and his Farm,
 ' His Fish-Ponds delight him, or Dove houses charm?
 ' Who, loaded with Titles and Honours so late,
 ' Next the *Queen* and Lord *Oxf—d*, was Chief in the State?
 ' His Quarrel with Pensions is all but a Sham,
 ' If well paid, his *John Trot* wou'd be still as a Lamb;
 ' No longer with *Stanb—pe* or *Walp—le* wou'd fight,
 ' But allow 'em good Patriots, and both to be right;
 ' Not a Word against Brib'ry the Convert wou'd say,
 ' Against Taxes or Grants—or the *Hessians* in Pay;
 ' Think *H—ce* was wicked, and *Sh—ck* much worse;
 ' Nor rail at the Length of the Treasurer's Purse.
 ' In their good Way of Sinning they still might go on,
 ' If disposing of Honours—they thought of *Poor John*.
 ' With no Treaties surpriz'd, or Alliances vext,
 ' When *Dorset* came Home, cou'd but *John* be his next:
 ' Not a Word, when Lieutenant, of former Disputes,
 ' Of the Falshood of *Spain*—or the *Irish* Recruits;
 ' The Commission wou'd blunt the sharp Point of his Pen,
 ' And *Spain*, with *John Trot*, wou'd be honest agen.

In spite of my Vows, so much Paper and Ink,
 Thus you and thus many more People may think;
 Tho' I oft have averr'd it, and tell you each Week,
 How contented I live, and how little I seek;
 Out of love with vain (4) Grandeur, a Foe to Renown;
 And the Honours enjoy'd by the Sword and the Gown.
 You wou'd pity my Eyes, if you saw how they griev'd
 At your Court, that no Truth, I declare, is believ'd:
 Surmising, I still want to manage the Roast,
 And am sily in wait for a Pension or Post:
 That I shou'd not refuse, did your Majesty offer
 Your Servant, the Wardrobe or Keys of your Coffer.

(4) Final Answer, p, 29, 30.

Shou'd *H—rr—n* die, or shou'd *Pellb—m* resign,
 That I shou'd not be griev'd if their Honours were mine;
 These, Sir, you will credit one Truth that I speak,
 Are the Jests of the Wicked, or Dreams of the Weak;
 In my Thoughts, or my Wishes, which ne'er have a Part,
 To disquiet my Slumbers, or pester my Heart:
 For since with such Joy in my Villa I slept,
 I scarce know the Place where your Treasure is kept;
 So long since incumber'd with Money Affairs,
 Just guess—it is somewhere up one Pair of Stairs;
 But forgetting their Names, for my Soul cannot say
 Who waits at the Door, or takes Care of the Key;
 The same Thing to my Heart, while at Ease in my Cell,
 Who pay or receive it, who Audit, or Tell.

Ah! Sir, cou'd you relish Contentment like mine,
 And suffer right Reason your Taste to refine;
 On the Trifles you doat on each Day, you wou'd frown,
 And deride your false Grandeur,—nay almost your Crown.
 About Triumphs and Trophies you'd ne'er make a Stir,
 Nor your Ermin imagine so warm as plain Fur.
 You wou'd give to each Dish, which you fed on, its Due,
 And for Pudding and Pasty neglect a Ragon:
 To preside in your Kitchen you never wou'd lack
 The Learning of *Brown*, or the Skill of *Pontack*.
 Each Day about One, with an Appetite seiz'd,
 Cou'd you kill your own Mutton, or Beef, when you pleas'd;
 Be content with the Fowls your own Poulterers sell,
 Preferring a *Mushroom* before a *Morell*;
 Nor think it a Gift, or a Blessing of Fate,
 If your Pewter was good, to be serv'd all in Plate;
 The Wine that you drink, more delightful and cold.
 From a Vase of clean China, or *Tunbridge*—than Gold.

L E T.

LETTER IV.

S I R,

YET in spite of my Honour, and all I can say;
 Your Resentments to banish, and Rage to allay;
 What in Truth and in very good Earnest is spoke;
 I have Reason to think, you may fancy a Joke;
 All Fable and Falshood! and purposely writ
 To give you a Taste of my Parts and my Wit;
 To display a fine Genius, and delicate Sense
 Of a very bad Cause, in a specious Defence:
 To shew you what Talents to Craftsmen belong,
 And how much may be said on the Side of the Wrong;
 Plain Truths, by our Cunning, mere Falsities made;
 And Realities turn'd, by our Skill, into Shade:
 While, seduc'd by our Papers, the Nation shall think
 Our Debts rise more high, the same Year that they sink.

While your self you amuse, Sir, each Ev'ning, with Chat
 Of St. J—n said this thing, and P——y did that;
 The *Journal of London* and *Daily Courant*,
 The only dear Papers you read or you want;
 You ne'er will discern where your Interest lies,
 Till your good Friend *Dick Francklin* shall open your Eyes:
 Who oft, tho' in vain, has assur'd you in Print,
 When I'm reckon'd false-hearted—how little there's in't;
 That none wakes so early, or watches so late,
 For the Good of your House, or the Peace of your State.

My

My Heart ever yours——which will ne'er be at Rest;
 Till I find out some Method to make you more blest;
 In your Court what you suffer to give you a Sense,
 Till you weed it, and *W—l—le* is banish'd from thence:
 Beholding you steer nigh such dangerous Shelves,
 Your Pilots more careful of you than themselves;
 Well pleas'd, tho' our Bark is o'erwhelm'd by the Wave,
 If our Art and our Guidance your Vessel can save.

In the (1) Womb of old Time, tho' they now lie all dead,
 Who of Wonders full strange will be soon brought to Bed,
 When I finish the Work, which great *P——r* began,
 Of the Life, and the Death, and Affairs of *Queen Anne*;
 If you buy but the Book, Sir, 'twill plainly be seen
 Who favour'd old *Bourbon*, and bully'd the *Queen*:
 This the Reason explains, and the Mystery clears,
 We refus'd you the Honour to vote with your Peers;
 Who had spoil'd the whole Scheme, if the *dutiful Dozen*
 Had a Mind to have talk'd of the Claim of your Cozen;
 Who, without your good Liking, would never presume
 To have mention'd his Right, or have call'd him from *Rome*.
 In this Volume, most faithfully penn'd, you will meet,
 I cannot point now at the Page, or the Sheet,
 Our Triumphs and Glory intent to advance,
 Who voted for us, while they manag'd for *France*;
 Convinc'd, when the Work you take down from the Shelf,
 That the Peace with King *Lewis*——was made by it self;
 That the Sages of *Britain*, of *Holland* and *France*
 Met at *Utrecht*——As how, Sir? —— Why, merely by Chance;
 That one Envoy came this Way, another came that,
 And met round a Table, to rattle and chat:
 Scarce Paper and Ink the whole House would allow,
 And out came a Peace——but no Creature knew how.
 The Ministry then, who the Happiness priz'd
 Of the Queen and their Country, were ne'er so surpriz'd.
 Here you'll find, tho' I am censur'd, I ne'er had a Hand in
 The Remove of the Duke, or the Army's Disbanding;
 That the Order and Charge to desert our Allies,
 Ne'er talk'd of in *England*——both fell from the Skies;

(1) Final Answer, p. 24.

Our Office not us'd in th'Impression to deal,
 'Twas an Angel's, and *H—r—t* could shew you the Seal;
 In Antiquity skill'd, tho' the Guess might seem dark,
 He knew it was *Gabriel's*—full well by the Mark;
 Who had seen both his Seal and Hand-writing of old,
 And when first dropt in *Holland*, the Wax was scarce cold.

If you grant my Friend *Richard* a Licence to print
 The Work for himself, and each Wonder that's in't,
 All your Subjects, howe'er they want Money, will buy,
 And pity a Subject so injur'd as I.
 For Authors who write of themselves, may with Ease
 Be as good—and as highly abus'd, as they please;
 Pick out ev'ry Virrue, and give to themselves,
 Out of Volumes they read—from *Octavos* to *Twelves*:
 Their Deserts and good Qualities ranging in Rows,
 Most prudently leaving the *Bad* to their Foes.
 Here you'll read, what no Mortal could credit before,
 That I ne'er had a love for King *James*, or a W—re:
 That no Subject e'er struggled, when *Anna* was dead,
 So much, that your Father might reign in his stead.
 The first, for I ordered a Horse in the *Meuse*
 Had the Wind but stood fair, who had brought him the News;
 By Principle urg'd, and by Duty inspir'd,
 That the Queen was just dead, and your Presence desir'd;
 None so eager, my Sovereign to view and adore,
 When I heard he was safely arriv'd at the *Nore*;
 You will hardly believe it, such Pleasure was mine,
 I could scarce, for Rejoicing, or breakfast, or dine.

Tho' I strove all I could my firm Duty to shew,
 By the Wicked I yet was traduc'd as your Foe;
 Oblig'd by their Malice to fly for my Life;
 And leave all behind me,—my Lands and my Wife.

Would you, Sir, my sad Story impartially read,
 You would find me a *Viscount*, most injur'd indeed;
 Convinc'd by my Book, when I acted a Part
 Of a Traitor in shew—I was sound at the Heart;
 When unfaithful I seem'd to the Weak and Unwise,
 Being then a most dutiful Peer in Disguise;

Convinc'd,

Convinc'd, by some Fears tho' my Bosom was aw'd;
 I could serve you much more, if I travell'd Abroad:
 That my Flight from your Kingdom was much in your Way;
 Since I fled from your Father—his Foe to betray.
 Of his Treasure and Wealth the weak Ideot to rook,
 And send you Word home of each Step that he took;
 When he scour'd up his Musket, or trim'd up his Tent;
 And what Blessings and Crosses from *Tyber* were sent.
 How he manag'd his Court, and his Treasure employ'd;
 And how seldom he thought, and how often he pray'd.
 To follow, still pleas'd, where his Confessor leads,
 His Garter, not half so much priz'd as his Beads.
 When the Pope, his New Admiral, wrapt in a Sheer
 A Tooth of *St. Thomas* to ruin your Fleet;
 And a Wallet of Saints, to expel all his Fears,
 And encounter your Guards, and your fierce Grenadiers?
 What Powder and Pardons together were sent,
 And Relicks and Balls in one Waggon from *Trent*;
 A Cargo more sacred he ne'er did behold,
 Which he shew'd his brave Troopers, to make 'em more bold.
 In the Work, if your Majesty chance to espy
 (It was wrote you must know, by *Francisco* and I)
 A Truth and a Fiction unite in one Line,
 You will pardon the Fault, since you know the Design:
 Should a Passage perplexing or cloudy appear,
 And I add a nice Comment to make it more clear;
 Can you censure our Skill, or the Stratagem blame,
 If we smoothe up a Falshood, to brighten our Fame?
 Enlarge on our Virtues—that Merit and this,
 And say little or nothing of Things done amiss?
 Or if forc'd to reveal, to impute 'em to Chance,
 The Counsels of *Oxf—d*, or Cunning of *France*?
 To a Planer, that Season the Peace was ordain'd,
 That perplexing Affairs, in our Hemisphere reign'd;
 And with Rays full of Mischief all levell'd by Fate,
 Infected the Room where the *Plenipo's* fate?
 Would you grant us a Patent for painting our selves;
 The Size is all one in a Folio or Twelves;
 The Charrer allow'd us, which ev'ry one knows,
 Is the Claim of all Writers—to blacken their Foes:
 In the Room where you walk, or the Hall where you dine,
 Not a Sage would delight you, or Patriot would shine;

Tho' a *Bacon* or *Cetiv* appear'd in your Sight,
 With Virtues more fair, or with Merits more bright,
 No Mortals so fram'd, or so fit in the Realm,
 Did we court such Honour, to sit at the Helm;
 And steer your weak Bark with more Caution and Wir;
 Which your Pilots before us had like to have split.
 If you give us but Leave our own Worth to display,
 And will never say No, when your Authors say Aye,
 Forbidding your Courtiers to call us hard Names,
 For a few civil Things we did once for King *James*;
 (When it almost had drove the poor Prince to Despair,
 What you did to the Bishop, and good Master *Layr*)
 For our Love and our Labour no more we desire,
 If our Readers will credit — but never enquire;
 Who perhaps may arraign us for things not so true;
 And serve us, as *Osborn* and *Walsingham* do;
 In the Bane of our Credit a Glory who seek,
 And spoil in one Day, the whole Work of a Week.
 Our Foes, when the Mob in our Stories delight,
 So unchristian and cruel — to set 'em all Right;
 While they thus break our Quier, and trouble our Pen,
 To repeat our old Toil, — and delude 'em agen;
 Clip the Wings of a Falshood, just ready to fly;
 And stop in its Course the Career of a Lye,
 Which trim'd like a Truth, from its Authors had Leave;
 Wherever it flew, to protest and deceive;
 Thro' a Vizer of Friendship dissembling a Joy,
 In the Welfare of those it was prun'd to destroy.

Tho' my Fate and hard Fortune oblige me to bear
 Both the Frown of your Eye, and the Loss of your Ear;
 Some Monarchs, whose Name 'tis a Glory to quote,
 Have priz'd and esteem'd me, a Person of Note;
 And look'd on no Post, tho' you drove me from hence,
 Too high, or too great, for a Peer of my Sense.
 But have said — Worthy Viscount, your Sorrows to ease;
 You may chuse in my Realm any Honour you please;
 Since your Fame is so fair, and your Virtue is such,
 No King can esteem, or reward you too much;
 Do enough for so worthy and learned a Peer,
 Or value your Service and Friendship too dear.

But when my dear Country — that Country I prize
 'Bove the Joy of my Heart, and the Light of my Eyes,

To my Soul by Reflections of Duty was brought,
 I sigh'd — and I valued their Offers at nought.
 Said I, Shou'd my Liege, if his Treasures decrease,
 Want to finish a War, or to make a new Peace;
 Ah! where wou'd he meet with so faithful a Friend;
 To negotiate the one, or the other to end;
 Such Counsel to give, or such Schemes to impart,
 With your Int'rest and Honour, so much at his Heart?

Tho' in Fame, I was sure every Day to advance,
 When the Humour once took me to sojourn in France;
 For your Sake I refus'd to accept of the Boon,
 When the Price of my Service had been a Battoon.
 When at *Paris* and *Marli*, I nought cou'd admire
 For the tender Regard which I had for your Sire;
 I chose rather at Home to be slighted and aw'd,
 Than without him to rule, and be honour'd Abroad.
 No Pleasures, thro' Foreign Dominions to roam,
 When I thought my dear Master might want me at Home;
 'Twixt *Whig* and 'twixt *Tory* unable to shift,
 Unless I stept over to give him a Lift;
 And in pity, his Second appear'd in the Fight,
 To set both himself and the Combatant right.

This, Sir, was the short of my Care; with small Reason
 By your Courtiers learn'd Comments explain'd into Treason.
 At most, an odd Something 'twixt Earnest and Jest,
 The Medly by Treason too coarsly exprest;
 A little of both in the Humour was seen;
 At worst, a light Frolick just tinctur'd with Spleen;
 Which, in spite of his Duty, insensibly steals
 In a Minister's Heart, when he loses the Seals.

LETTER V.

S I R,

IF your Goodness can pardon what Freedoms are past,
 This Epistle I send you, is meant for the last;
 Which scarce can inform you of any Thing more,
 Than in Truth and much Sadness I told you before.
 So pensive and pain'd, that my sorrowful Eye,
 Will scarce let the Paper I write on be dry.
 A Death to a Subject so faithful, to think;
 When it flows so sincere, you'll not credit my Ink;

But imagine I look on't the very same Thing;
 To indite to a Mistress, and talk to a King.
 Tho' to *W—l—p—l—e* or *Y—g—e* if Attention you give,
 You will ne'er judge aright, Sir, as long as you live;
 Whose petulant Pens take a Pleasure to paint,
 True Patriots perverse, and the Devil a Saint:
 Tho' scarce in a Dozen one Line that they print,
 Has at bottom one Truth, or Reality in't.

Let 'em harp while they please on that darling dull String,
 Of my leaving my own, for the Shade of a King.
 Wou'd you lend me in pity one Moment your Ear,
 And the Truths I aver, be so courteous to hear;
 You will find the dire Plot, which the Peace of your Breast
 Has so often disturb'd, was a Plot but in Jest:
 Contriv'd o'er a Game one dull Evening at *Loce*,
 When your Kinsman and I had but little to do.

Says I, in a frolicksome Humour—*My (1) Leige*,
 Suppose in a Joke we shou'd *London* besiege;
 Get a Navy of Gallies, and swim up the *Thames*,
 To frighten the Ladies, and Beaux of *St. James*;
 Make the Nation believe, what was ne'er your Delight;
 That you really came over on purpose to fight;
 Resolving your self the whole Fleet to command,
 With your Beads by your Side, and your Sword in your Hand;
 Of Courage both *Wager* and *Hoffer* to check,
 While you push from a Cabin, or charge from the Deck:
 Or like a bold Warrior, let fly at the Eoe,
 Out of reach of his Shot, from a Gun-hole below:
 While your Soldiers are firing, engag'd in a Fir
 Of Devotion and Zeal—that their Bullets may hit;
 Less useful, whatever rough Captains might say,
 In the heat of a Battle—to shoot than to pray;
 With the Mass in your Pocket, no danger at all,
 From the Enemies Mortars;—their Cannons and Ball;
 Secure from their Muskets, who dread nothing worse,
 If you cartied the Host—and your God—in your Purse.

Agreed, said the Monarch, your Council is right,
 But if 'tis my hard Fate to give Battle and Fight.
 A little afraid of those terrible People,
 With Pistols and Guns—let me fire from a Steeple;
 And in dread of a Ball, 'twould be wonderful well,
 That values not Crowns, cou'd I hide in a Bell.

For if we got the better, you know your brave King
 Wou'd be then near a Belfry—and ready to Ring.

This was all, on my Honour, just going to Bed,
 'At the End of our Prayers, that we thought of or said;
 Tho' Warriors at Night, in the Morn when we woke,
 We were peaceful—and Neither for striking a Stroke.
 Our Wars and our Triumphs went off in a Laugh,
 So your Realms were secur'd, and your Father was safe.
 A Nap of six Hours did our Fury assuage,
 And we drank down together, our Tea and our Rage.
 While the Dames of your Town had their usual Delight,
 Their Spouses by Day, and their Colonels at Night.
 And the Dread of our Army near frighted the Fair,
 From the Chappel or Playhouse, from Picket or Prayer.
 Now grave at a Sermon now gay at a Ball;
 Dividing their Time, 'twixt *Heidegger* and *Paul*.

But suppose in a Maggot, thus harmless all o'er,
 From *Dunkirk* our Navy had sail'd to the Nore;
 'Twas only to have purchas'd a little Renown,
 In scaring your Subjects, not seizing your Crown;
 The Intent of our General's nothing at all,
 But to keep the Court Ladies some Nights from the Ball;
 To debar 'em a while of their usual Delight,
 And keep 'em in Bed with their Husbands a Night.

On the (2) Word of a *Peer* (ah forgive me, great Prince,
 That Title once mine has been vanish'd long since)
 On the Word of a Friend, this was all the Intent
 Of the dreadful Invasion, and wicked *Descent*;
 Which troubled your self and your Kingdom so much;
 That to guard it you sent for some Squadrons of *Dutch*.
 Tho' we bought up some Guns, and had others at hire,
 'Twas done with no naughty Intention—to fire;
 If a few had their Cartridges fill'd,—yet withal
 When we put in our Powder, we kept out the Ball.
 The Piece for the War, I design'd for myself,
 Of it's Flint and it's Rammer, and Touch-hole bereft;
 Unlike the fam'd Weapons of *Rome* and of *Greece*,
 Our Scabbards and Swords being all of a-piece.
 Had we landed our Forces at *Dover* or *Chatham*,
 We had ne'er hurt your Men, tho' we could have come at 'em;
 But as we came o'er for such peaceable Ends,
 Wou'd have treated each Captain and Sailor as Friends;

Had borrow'd, perhaps, not in Malice but Play,
 A few Runts for our Fleet, as they graz'd in our Way;
 All the Charge you sustain'd, or the Trouble we gave ye,
 An Ox, and perhaps a few Hogs, for our Navy,
 Bought at *Greenwich* and *Deptford*, without any Rour,
 Some of *Hucks's* right Double, or *Parsons's* Stout;
 To Great *Bourbon* a Present, both useful and meet,
 For the Loan of his Army, and Use of his Fleet.

Had I kill'd you a Dozen, I'll call 'em a Score,
 Of these in your Realm, who had plagued me before;
 Amongst which, without doubt, a Regard had been had
 'Twixt the (3) Guilty and Guiltless, the Good and the Bad;
 The rest of your Subjects, perhaps something scar'd,
 Had all to a Man been forgiven and spar'd;
 From myself, or my Sovereign, had suffer'd no Hurt
 In their Bodies or Fortunes, their Coat or their Shirt;
 Unless your Train-Bands e'er engaged in the Fray,
 Had been put to the Trouble — of running away;
 Who carry their Courage, right terrible Blades,
 In their Sashes of Scarlet, their Plumes and Cockades.

When we mark for Instruction from Authors before us,
 The Wicked or Weak out of *Livy* or *Florus*;
 And, fond of old Names, from our Histories seek
 A Blunderer in *Latin*, or Tyrant in *Greek*;
 We mean on no Favourite or Courtier to fall!
 To fill up our Paper with Tattle — is all.
 A Fool in large Letters, a Custom not rare,
 Is wrote something bigger — to make the Town stare.

And yet when we chance in *Italicks* to print,
 Your Court will strait fancy a Stratagem in't;
 In each Journal imagine some terrible Plot,
 If a *Roman* or *Greek* are in Capitals wrote;
 In Names thus distinguish'd will dream, may be seen
 No Creatures less thought of, yourself or your Queen!

Tho', God knows my Conscience, I meant to deride
 The Persons I quoted — and no one beside.
 Quite griev'd, as all People might guess by my Look,
 When the *Ancients* I found were for Moderns mistook.
 The *Philip* who studied his Country to fleece
 Of its Freedom, was only the *Philip* of *Greece*;
 And *Coscia*, who some out of Weakness presume
 Is a *Briton* — was only the *Coscia* of *Rome* :

And *Robin*, that *Robin*, who many a Year;
 In the Forest of *Sherwood*, destroy'd the King's Deer;
 Tho' some have surmis'd, at another I hint
 In my Journal, than him with his Bow — in the Print;
 'Tis a very hard Case that we Writers of Note,
 For our Humour or Fancy, can't borrow or quote,
 But straight we reflect on the King or his Court,
 And are fin'd the next Term——perhaps pillory'd for't;
 Convey'd to the Throne, by a Judge's Command,
 Where good Mr. C——I had the Honour to stand;
 Without Reason or Right, while we pay for the Jeers
 That other Folks make——with the Loss of our Ears.
 Can *Sejanus* nor ravage nor murder by Fits,
 But a Modern must straightway be out of his Wits?
 A Writer not touch on his Fame or his Fate,
 Without a fly Point at some Fav'rite of State?
 If a *Woolsey* or *Spencer* is mention'd, or one
 Who his Prince has betray'd, or his Country undone;
 A *Nero* of *Rome*, or a *Richlieu* of *France*,
 When talk'd of——must still at some *Englishman* glance.
 In the Height of his Fury one Courtier will cry,
 I'm meant by that Name——says another, 'Tis I;
 While a Third more discerning or angry than both,
 That himself is the Man will attest on his Oath;
 That, deriding his Worth, at his Honour we strike;
 And abhors the damn'd Picture——it's so much alike!

Thus Folks will interpret, Sir, just as they will
 The Designs of our Hearts, from the Strokes of our Quill.
 Tho', when *Bergia* I lash'd in my Journal, my Scope
 Was to lash but one *Bergia* that Son of a——Pope;
 Yet *W——le* thro' all my Disguises could see
 That another I meant——and that other was he:
 Tho' the Colours were artful, and Shadows were fine,
 It had Light full enough to betray my Design;
 That the Statesman I drew, an *Italian* in Shew,
 Had a Palace much nearer the *Cham* than the *Po*.

Some cannot sustain their false Grandeur an Hour,
 Without the weak Stay and the Column of Power;
 From their Titles they borrow their Worth and their Weight,
 And nothing but Greatness can render them great.
 Very probably, Sir, you'll be merry, and laugh,
 When I tell you I ne'er could rely on that Staff:
 I have something within me more firm and more kind,
 Besides a good Stomach, a peaceable Mind;

That each Baseness arraigns, and each Virtue approves;
 Possess of a Conscience as white as my Gloves;
 That is clear of all Stain, without Help of the Pope;
 True Honour and Goodness—her Washball and Soap;
 That can laugh at vain Pomp, and each Glory disdain,
 And would take the Command of your Treasure—with Paid:
 A Burden no doubt to a Man in my Years;
 — If I bore it at all — I should bear it with Tears;

Or rather, more pleas'd in my Cloister to pray,
 Shou'd beg that Sir Robert might still have the Key!
 Possess'd of your Heart, and kind Countenance, still;
 And pay off your Cooks, and your Coach-makers Bill.

Shou'd your Goodness allot me a Star or a Wand,
 To blaze on my Breast, or to (4) honour my Hand;
 A Seat in your Chappel at *Windsor* to hold,
 And exchange my Steel Spurs, for a Pair made of Gold:
 The Delight of my Bosom at home to be quiet,
 With my Soul full of Peace, and my Pantry of Diet.
 In my Parlour at Midnight, no Uproar or Ball,
 But Rest all the Year in my Heart and my Hall;
 I should live more at ease in my wainscotted Room,
 Than abroad to be seen with my Garter and Plume;
 That the Vulgar the Rays on my Bosom might mark,
 While I trail my rich Robes the whole length of the Park.
 The Use of a Garter, as every one knows,
 To a Cripple so crazy — to bind up his Horse,
 Which stiffen'd with Gold and Embroidery, must be
 Too stubborn and hard, for so aged a Knee!
 Beside on my Cushion, full six Times a Day,
 'Twou'd spoil a Blue Ribbon — so often to pray;
 Break the Tongue of my Buckle, each time that I feel
 My Spirit in Raptures, to bend and to kneel.

Ah, Sir, in my Soul while such Joy I possess,
 Which the Happy who feel it can only express,
 Should you say, Mr. S—*z*—*n*, I give you the Seals,
 (For the Truth to his Conscience your Servant appeals)
 With my own little Fortune well able to shift,
 I should thank you—but would not accept of your Gift
 My Virtue and want of Ambition to shew,
 To each Offer you made me should wisely say, No;
 More pleas'd, if your Favours you deign'd to extend
 To *Orm*—*nd* my Fav'rite, or *P*— my Friend;

Or, touch'd with his Suff'rings, your Kindness express
For an Exile, and Cousin of your's, in Distress.

If you Credit a Subject, most Excellent Prince,
I'm lost to all (5) Grandeur, and have been long since ;
I live in my Parlour at home, and retir'd ;
Allur'd by no Hopes——by no Vanities fir'd :
Old Age has each Folly and Passion allay'd,
That I now like my Spouse full as well as my Maid ;
The only two Joys of poor *B*——*ke's* Life,
To stroke my old Cat——and to fondle my Wife;
No Places I want, and no Honours I seek ;
And scarce read a News-Paper twice in Week ;
Ne'er trouble my Head with the Papers, or Votes,
—If I read it's to find out the value of Oates ;
How much I must pay for my Biller and Coal ;
What honest Men break,—and what Knaves are still whole ;
What Folks, the last Week, took a Purse or a Bribe,
Who hang'd, or was knighted—who married, or dy'd.
In the Lottery who thrive, when the Prizes run high,
And the Maiden-heads part with—a Ticket to buy.
How her good Grace of *Parma*, with Doubtings perplex'd,
Is pregnant to Day — and a Virgin the next ;
By her Love to the *Spaniard*, or *Austrian*, as sway'd,
Is in *April* with Child, and in *August* a Maid.

Distracted no longer with earthly Affairs,
I am twice every (6) Sabbath, at Sermon and Prayers ;
One *Sunday* just over, I long for the next ;
The Collect and Lessons, the Psalms and the Text ;
Remembring each Line, by the Help of my Notes,
The Chapter and Page, which the Minister quotes :
In a Rapture almost, when the Doctor begins ;
No Joy half so great, as confessing my Sins :
The Blessings I pray for, a Fulness of Grace ;
A Heart without Guile — and the want of a Place :
Who still, e'er I slumber, most fervently press,
On my Knees, for your own, and the Nation's Success !

What e'er the *Courant* or *Free Briton* may say,
I shall still be your Friend — if it lies in my Way :
And so from my Easy-Arm'd-Chair in my Cell,
And the Fulness of Duty — I bid you Farewell.

(5) P. 29.

(6) Ibid.



E I N I S.

